

64 COLOR PAGES—A THRILL ON EVERY PAGE!

OCTOBER  
NO. 4

10 CENTS

# DAREDEVIL

10  
SMASH  
FEATURES

*"The Greatest Name in Comics"*

THE  
CLAW

DEATH IS THE REFEREE! Will DAREDEVIL  
kill or be killed in his attempt to save Tonia  
from an unholy marriage to the world's  
ugliest man . . . see page 12.

**DON'T MISS**  
**THE CLAW! DAREDEVIL! LONDON!**  
**NIGHTRO! THIRTEEN!**







WEB COMIC  
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# DAREDEVIL



**PRESENTS**

**10 SMASH FEATURES**

## ADVENTURE!

**1. DAREDEVIL**

**Pages 1-13**

Deep in the dark, mysterious forest of a lost island, a mad mortal hunts human game. DAREDEVIL must conquer him or leave his friends open to certain death. Suspense will leave you gasping for breath!

**2. THE CLAW**

**Pages 16-22**

The World's Worst Villain breaks the bonds of captivity and catapults New York into chaos such as the Earth has never known. Adventure that tangles your spine!

**3. NIGHTRO**

**Pages 29-33**

When Oriental saboteurs strike at the heart of our country's defense program, the Denizen of the Dark embarks on a wild fight of daring. A thrilling tale of Oriental intrigue.

## WAR!

**4. LONDON**

**Pages 51-57**

The debonair protector of England fights the crowning battle of his career as Nazi side thrashes the freedom of the Atlantic. Again LONDON proves to all that England can take it — and DISH IT OUT!

## INDIANS!

**5. REAL AMERICAN No. 1**

**Pages 34-39**

When gamblers move out West to work their carnival racket, the Bronze Terror moves in to explode his jaw-cracking tale in their faces. Two-fisted action with a steam-bang finale.

## PATRIOTISM!

**6. PAT PATRIOT**

**Pages 23-28**

When Western wise guys try to take PAT PATRIOT for a ride, the boomerangs their plan and engages a sabotage plot which threatens the life stream of Western military defense. Jaw-thumping excitement in a tense setting!

## MYSTERY!

**7. THIRTEEN**

**Pages 44-48**

The Memento Morsus of All Time enters into the most baffling case yet as he tangles with a glass idol — a manifestation of ancient evil!

## FICTION!

**8. PARDONS FOR CASH**

**Pages 14, 15, 49**

An inside scoop on one of DAREDEVIL's unpublished accomplishments... a story of smart racket bosses who held the FBI fooled until!

## SPORTS!

**9. DASH DILLON**

**Pages 40-43**

DASH DILLON couldn't speak German, but when a Nazi sub lurked nearby he faked an accent and led it into the harbor to win a race with romance. An exciting human interest yarn with a twist!

**10. WHIRLWIND**

**Pages 58-64**

The Blonde Bomber blasts his way out of a misunderstanding and gains the admiration of his glamorous manager. A heart-tickling yarn that could happen to YOU!

**No other magazine has all these features. DAREDEVIL gives you high adventure, breath-taking thrills, hair-raising exploits found in no other magazine.**

## EDITORS

Charles Biro

Bob Wood



# DAREDEVIL

*The Greatest Name in Comics*

BY  
BIRO

WHY DO  
MEN KILL  
?

SOME FOR GAINS  
OTHERS FOR LOVE  
MANY HAVE KILLED  
FOR REVENGE, YET  
THERE IS BUT ONE  
CASE ON RECORD  
OF KILLING FOR  
SPORT!

A GAME WHERE  
DEATH IS THE  
ONLY REFEREE!

THE SPORT OF DEATH STARTS AT THE HOME OF THE SMITHS.

"TONIA SAUNDERS I'M  
SO HAPPY YOU AND  
BART WERE ABLE  
TO COME!"

"TELL ME, SUE WHERE  
ARE YOU TWO GO-  
ING ON YOUR  
HONEYMOON!"

"CONGRATULATIONS  
JERRY! IT WAS A  
PLEASANT SUR-  
PRISE TO ALL OF  
US! BEST OF  
LUCK!"

"JEFF WANTS TO TAKE  
THE YACHT INTO THE  
PACIFIC! I WOULD  
BE HEAVENLY IF YOU  
AND BART WOULD  
COME!"

"I'D LOVE TO SUE BUT  
I DOUBT VERY  
MUCH IF BART WOULD  
GO! HOWEVER HE'S  
WORTH A TRY!"







TWO THOUSAND MILES FROM KNOWN LAND, THE U.S. CLOVES THROUGH A HEAVY STORM, GOING SOUTH DUE EAST!



THIS IS THE WORST STORM I'VE EVER MET! TWO DAYS AND STILL NO SIGN OF A LIFEBUOY!

THEN DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD BE ON DECK, CAPTAIN?

I CAN'T STAND IT, JERRY! THIS TOSSENG IT'S MAKING ME SICK!



I KNOW EXACTLY HOW YOU FEEL, SUE! CAPTAIN CAN'T WE CHANGE OUR COURSE OR SOMETHING?



LIGHT HOUSE A'FORE

A LIGHT HOUSE? IN THESE WATERS? THAT'S SILLY... WHY WERE AT LEAST TWO THOUSAND MILES FROM LAND!

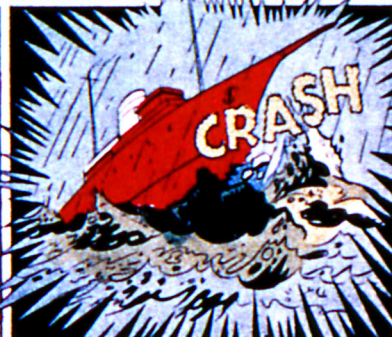
MAYBE WE'RE BACK IN SAN FRANCISCO, CAPTAIN! I DON'T THINK YOU KNOW WHERE WE ARE!

MAYBE WE'VE FOUND YOUR UNCHARTED ISLAND, EN MISS COLUMBUS!



ALL HANDS ON DECK !!

SOUTH DUE WEST!



CRASH









WELCOME TO MINE ISLAND! I AM SOMEWHAT OF A DICTATOR HERE! DE NAME IS MEYER HANS MEYER!

WELCOME TO THE TACK! MY NAME IS VERRY HADT AND THIS IS BART HALL!



DAS LIGHT-HOUSE YOU SPEAK OF COULD NOT BE! YOU SEE VE DO NOT HAVE ONE ON DE WHOLE ISLAND!

BUT MY CAPTAIN AND OUR ENTIRE CREW CAN'T BE MISTAKEN!

AT TIMES OF DANGER THE MIND IMAGINES MANY WEAPONS OF DEFENSE BUT AS YOU SEE YOU WERE MISTAKEN! YOU WILL ACCEPT MINE INVITATION TO STAY AT MINE HOUSE!

YOU'RE VERY KIND!



CAPTAIN YOU AND YOUR CREW WILL STAY ON BOARD! WE CAN'T IMPOSE TOO MUCH ON MR. MEYER, YOU UNDERSTAND!

AND TELL ME-HOW FAST CAN YOU MAKE REPAIRS AND FLOAT AGAIN?

TWO DAYS, WITH GOOD LUCK! A HIGH TIDE WILL FLOAT US OFF THESE ROCKS!



GOOT! YOUR MIS-FORTUNE IS MINE GOOT FORTUNE! DE BEAUTIFUL LADIES VILL NEPPER BE SORRY DEY HARR COME TO MINE ISLAND PARADISE!

DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO DO BESIDES PLAY CARDS?

JUST GIVE ME A DRY PIECE OF LAND TO STAND ON!



THIS WOULD BE AN IDEAL SPOT, IF I KNEW WHAT BECAME OF ONE DISAPPEARING LIGHT-HOUSE AND LIKED THE UGLY LEBERING RUBB OF OUR SENIAL HOST!

I HARR MANY SPORTS ON DE ISLAND DAT VILL AMUSE DE LADIES!

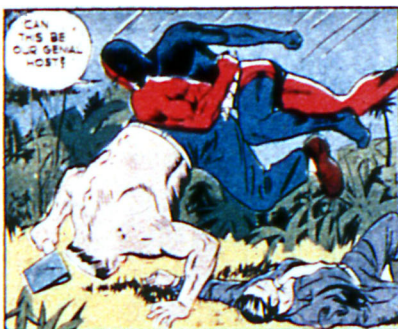












CAN  
THIS BE  
OUR GENIAL  
HOST?



YOUR VOICE!  
IT SOUNDS VERY  
FAMILIAR MY COLORFUL  
PREY! SUCH GOOD  
HUNTING! I SHALL  
BAG TWO TODAY!



LET US SEE  
HOW YOU LOOK  
MINUS YOUR  
HEAD! BAH!

YOU HAVE  
NO WEAPONS  
BUT IMIT!



YOU DARE COME  
TO MEET YASNO  
MAN EVER SUR-  
VIVED MINE SPINE-  
CRUSHING EMBRACE!



YOU  
ARE MY BEST  
DOES MORE  
THAN HOLD MY  
DANTS UP!



?  
ROOM FOR ONE  
MORE ON THE  
SCENIC RAIL-  
WAY?



HOW DO  
YOU LIKE MY  
LOOP THE  
LOOP HANDS?



THIS ONE  
IS KNOWN  
AS THE PUT-  
TING BUCK! WATCH  
CLOSELY!

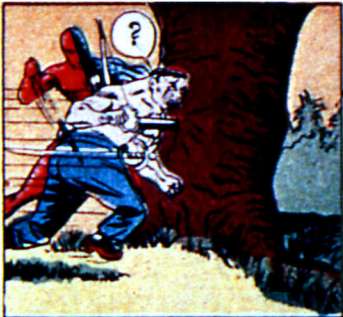






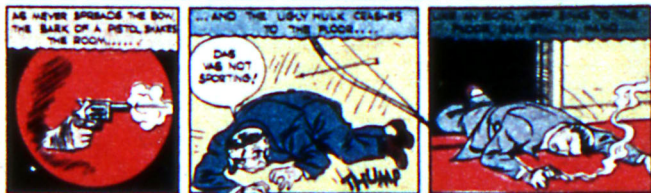
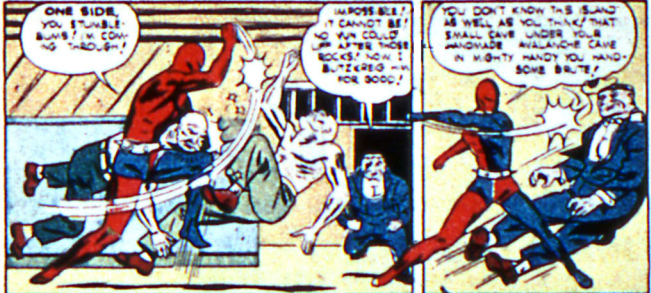














**AT LAST!**

# DAREDEVIL

**GIVES YOU**

**A HERETOFORE UNPUBLISHED YARN FROM HIS OWN SECRET FILES!**

## PARDONS FOR CASH

**AS TOLD BY DICK WOOD**

Jonathan C. Shultz paced the floor of his prison cell restlessly. Outside in the corridor he could hear the pacing of the guard making the rounds of the cell blocks. Nervously he leaped to the barred door and shook it with his burly hands.

"Guard! Guard! How much longer before the game?"

The guard's footsteps stopped and retraced themselves to Shultz's cell. He pushed his red face up close against the bars and spoke softly, tantalizingly.

"Now listen Shultz! When the ball game begins you'll be let out with the rest of the prisoners. Until then, if you don't want any trouble, keep your filthy face shut!"

Dejectedly Shultz returned to his cot and slumped down, face forward. This was humili-

ating. He, J. C. Shultz, taking orders from a guard—and forced to obey! But he mustn't lose control of himself. Today was the big day for the Sing Sing baseball team but it was the day of a bigger game for him. A game of life and death when everything he had suffered for the last six months could be turned into a delicious dish of freedom or corrupted into the dank darkness of a death pit. Yes, he must obtain rigid control of himself.

An hour later the hot August sun, in all its glory, blazed down upon the Sing Sing baseball diamond. Several thousand convicts attired in drab gray cheered excitedly as a home run hitter swung around the bases. But among the group one figure alone had no eyes for the sensational hit. Shultz was more interested in a water tower standing against the skyline, well out beyond the scoreboard at the far end of the field. For three straight innings his black, beady eyes never left this landmark. Then in the fourth inning a batter singled and crowd rose to their feet. And among them was Shultz twitching with emotion. But not for the game. On top of the water tower now a close observer would notice a flickering reflection—and Shultz was that close observer. A flashing glance at his watch and he was pushing hurriedly through the prisoners, making his way to the scoreboard at the end of the field. His teeth clenched tightly as he mounted the wooden steps toward the scorekeeper—a guard. Everything for years to come hung on the few words he would say now—and the manner in which he said them. Desperately he smothered an urge to scream out and release the tension within his body. Fum-



bling awkwardly in his uniform pocket he withdrew a slip of paper and handed it to the bony-faced guard. Slowly the guard read the note, then lifted his eyes and scrutinized Shultz closely.

"So the warden says you can keep score today, ay?"

"Yes Sir."

"I suppose you must have done something very good to deserve that?"

Shultz felt the blood pounding through his veins. Why must this stupid guard delay so! Every second was valuable—even now they might be starting!

"I reported a planned escape," he lied.

The guard looked at Shultz for a moment thoughtfully, then pocketed the slip of paper and started down the steps. At the bottom he turned. "Don't make any mistakes," he said.

Quickly Shultz fished into his pockets again and this time came out with a small shining piece of tin. Fumbling at the scoreboard he faked putting up a run and instead caught the sun's ray on the tin and sent it over the field toward the water tower. There! He had played his part, and well too, he thought. Now all he must do is wait.

Within ten minutes the roar of a plane's motor became audible within the prison yard. A few seconds later a small cabin plane hove into view and banked gently around the yard, as if taking pictures. On the under side of the large wing the name of a popular picture magazine was written in white letters. Several of

the prisoners waved to it. Even the warden lifted his hand casually from his seat close to the home plate. Slowly the plane was climbing now—to a height of several thousand feet. Then suddenly it dove, straight for the ball park it hurtled its motor shrieking. Along the edge of the south wall it leveled off and headed straight for the scoreboard. A thick black smoke billowed out behind it now shutting off the entire wall from view. Screeching into a bank the plane shot back to lay another layer of smoke along the field outside.

Instantly the prison sprang into action. Sirens pierced the air—excited voices shouted orders. But all too late they had realized their mistake—**ANOTHER INGENIOUS PRISON BREAK HAD OCCURRED**

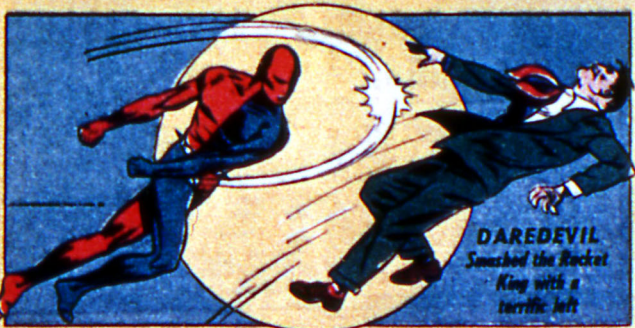
The next day in the offices of the F.B.I. at Washington, Captain Mellon faced his men with a determined look on his face. For the tenth time he was about to rebash the sensational run of individual prison breaks. But he never did say the words. At this moment a flashing red and blue figure sprang from his closet doorway and faced the gaping group with a broad smile. The captain's surprise suddenly vanished and he grasped the hand of the intruder.

"Daredevil," he thundered, "you're just the man I want to see!"

Daredevil drew up a chair and seated himself. "Thanks" he replied, "I thought I might come in handy somewhere."

"I tell you Daredevil, this escape business

CONTINUED ON PAGE 49





*At last!*  
**THE CLAW**  
**IN CAPTIVITY!!!**

By

BOB  
WOOD

**3<sup>rd</sup> DAILY STAR**

**WORLD'S WORST  
VILLIAN CAPTURED  
MAN'S GREATEST MEN-  
ACE TOWED INTO NEW  
YORK CITY IN CHAINS**



AND SO THE IMPOSSIBLE HAS HAPPENED! THE CLAW, HATED BY MILLIONS THROUGHOUT THE CIVILIZED WORLD, IS AT LAST IN CAPTIVITY, THANKS TO THE CLEVER SCHEME OF BILL HOPKINS - THEY HAD PLANNED TO PARTITION OFF ONE THIRD OF SING SING PRISON TO HOLD THE MAMMOTH CREATURE - BUT EVEN THIS WAS NOT ENOUGH - SO NOW - SURROUNDED BY HUNDREDS OF SOLDIERS - HE IS BEING LED TO THE CENTRAL PARK ZOO WHERE HE WILL BE KEPT UNTIL THE MOST GIGANTIC PRISON OF ALL TIME CAN BE BUILT - BUT CAN THIS TITANIC MONSTROSITY BE KEPT IN SUBMISSION BY MERE MAN --

DOWN FIFTH AVE.  
ON A HUGE  
BUCKBOARD.  
COMES  
**THE CLAW**  
THOUSANDS  
CROWD THE STREET  
FASCINATED BY  
THE UGLY KING OF  
DESTRUCTION

IT'S  
UNBELIEVABLE!

I ONLY HOPE  
THOSE CHAINS  
HOLD - I HATE  
TO THINK -

BUT MIXED IN THE CROWD TWO  
ORIENTAL ALLIES OF THE CLAW  
MURMUR IN THEIR NATIVE LAN-  
GUAGE AS THEY WATCH THE PRO-  
CESSION -

KKK  
KKK

ONE SMILES  
SARDONICALLY  
AND REACHES IN-  
TO HIS POCKET  
FOR A SMALL  
EVIL APPEARING  
PILL BOX

THE MASTER'S  
ORDERS WILL  
BE OBEYED



YES / JUST A  
SMALL PILL BOX -  
BUT IN  
LETTERS OF GOLD  
THE CLAW'S  
NAME IS WRITTEN  
ACROSS THE TOP  
-AND WITH PRINTED  
INSTRUCTIONS  
WHAT CAN THIS  
MEAN?

MEANWHILE ACROSS THE HUDSON RIVER  
AT THE HOPKINS HOME - THE ONE RESPON-  
SIBLE FOR THE CLAW'S CAPTURE - BILL  
HOPKINS - IS BESIEGED BY REPORTERS -

HOW DID YOU  
DISCOVER THE  
CLAW'S HIDE-  
OUT, MR. HOP-  
KINS?

HOW  
ABOUT A  
PICTURE?

WERE  
MANY  
SOLDIERS  
KILLED?



I'VE HAD ENOUGH  
PUBLICITY FOR ONE  
DAG. I'LL  
CURL UP WITH  
A BOOK  
ON THE  
TERRACE

STRANGE -  
LOOKS LIKE  
SOME HUGE  
FORM OVER  
IN THE  
CITY -  
MUST BE AN  
ILLUSION -

BUT IT ISN'T AN ILL-  
USION / SUDDENLY A  
BUILDING TOPPLES /

NO! NO!  
IT CAN'T BE!



IT IS TRUE! CAPPING THE TOP OF A BUILDING WITH HIS TREMENDOUS HEAD—THE CLAW SHRILKS OUT HIS CHALLENGE

DEATH  
TO  
AMERICA!

HE'S  
LOOSE!

MAD CHAOS GRIPS THE CITY  
—SOLDIERS ARE TRAMPLED  
UNDERFOOT LIKE MIDGET TOYS—  
THE WHOLE POPULACE IS  
CRAZED WITH FEAR—

JEEPER  
IT CAN'T  
BE!

H  
E  
L  
P

RUN  
FOR  
YOUR  
LIVES!

PLOP

SUFFERING  
SUNFISH!

ON AND ON THE MAD MONSTROSITY  
PLUNDERS—CRUSHING ALL BEFORE  
HIM IN A WILD CAMPAIGN OF  
DESTRUCTION—

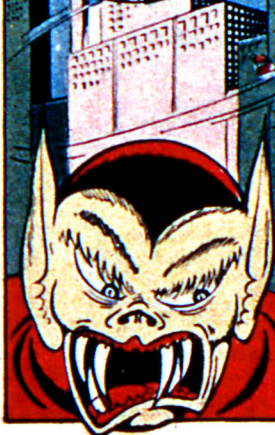
HOW HAS THIS  
TERRIBLE CATASTROPHY  
OCCURRED? A MILLION  
VOICES SHRIEK THE  
QUESTION AS BUILDING  
AFTER BUILDING  
TOPPLES INTO  
RUINS—

AT THE HOPKINS' HOME—JEAN,  
HORRIFIED AT WHAT SHE HAS  
SEEN, RUSHES INTO THE HOUSE

DICK/  
MOTHER!



TEN MINUTES LATER - MANHATTAN'S SKYLINE IS FILLED WITH SWARMING SCORES OF U.S. ARMY PLANES - DOWN THEY DIVE UPON THE CLAW RELEASING THEIR DEADLY SPRAY OF MACHINE GUN BULLETS - BUT -



FOOLS! BULLETS CAN'T HURT THE CLAW!

AND THE CLAW IS RIGHT - FOR HIS TOUGH HIDE TOGGES THE STEEL JACKETED BULLETS OFF LIKE PEBBLES - AND THE DROPPING OF BOMBS WOULD CREATE UNTOLD HAVOC WITH THE POPULATION BELOW -  
WHAT CAN BE DONE?



AMIDST  
THE  
FURRY  
OF  
MACHINE  
GUN  
BULLETS -  
THE  
CLAW  
STOOPE  
TO  
PICK  
UP  
AN  
ORIENTAL  
MOVING  
NEARBY

YOU HAVE FOLLOWED  
MY ORDERS FAITHFULLY  
FU - THE PILLS WORKED  
WELL - BUT NOW I MUST  
HAVE THE ONE WHO  
CAUSED MY HUMILIATION

YES MASTER -  
THE  
EVIL ONE  
IS BILL  
HOPKINS -  
THIS IS  
HIS  
ADDRESS

MOMENTS LATER - AT THE  
HOPKINS HOME - THE GATHERING  
SEES A STRANGE SIGHT - - -

THE  
PLANES  
CAN'T  
STOP HIM!  
HE'S  
HEADING  
FOR THE  
RIVER!  
HAND ME THE  
FIELD GLASSES

BILL!  
HE'S  
STARTING  
TO  
WADE  
ACROSS!

WHAT BILL SAW THROUGH THE GLASSES WAS  
ENOUGH TO CHILL THE MARROW IN THE BONES OF  
THE STRONGEST MAN - FOR THERE WADING  
ACROSS THE HUDSON RIVER - WAIST DEEP IN  
WATER - CAME THE CLAW - LIKE BOTHERSOME  
MOSQUITOES - ARMY PLANES SWARMED OVER  
HIS HEAD - - -

BUT NOW THE TIME FOR  
ATTACK IS RIPE - AWAY FROM  
THE TEEMING POPULACE - THE  
CLAW CAN BE BOMBED  
IN SAFETY - - -



SWIFTLY THE ARMY  
PLANES SPRING TO THE  
ATTACK - DOWN THEY  
PLUMMET - RELEASING  
THEIR LOAD OF BOMBS -

SWINE OF  
THE EARTH!  
I SHALL  
DEAL WITH  
YOU LATER!

QUICKLY HE FILLS  
HIS ENORMOUS LUNGS  
AND DIVES BENEATH  
THE SHELTERING WATER



CAUGHT IN THE RAIN OF  
EXPLOSIVES THE CLAW CURSES  
WILDLY - FOREVER HE CAN  
NOT RESIST THEIR TER-  
RIFIC IMPACTS.....



AND NOW FOR THE BILLY ONE WHO DARED HUMILIATE THE CLAW- HE SHALL FEEL THE FULL FORCE OF MY WRATH



COMING UPON THE OPPOSITE BANK OF THE RIVER- THE CLAW'S EYES GLEAM AS HE ANTICIPATES HIS REVENGE ON BILL HOPKINS---

DOWN THE STREETS OF HORSESHOE SHEEPS THE CLAW- HE TERRIFIED CITIZENS OF THE MODERN CITY- OVERCOME WITH FEAR- RUSH THEIR HOMES IN A WILD DASH FOR SHELTER- AS THE MOST FEARED CREATURE IN EARTH STAMPEDES THROUGH THE DISTRICTS



MEANWHILE ATOP THE ROOF OF THE HOPKINS HOME

HERE HE COMES- JEAN- AND I THINK HE WANTS ME!

OH-OH- BILL- HE'S TERRIBLE!

CLOSER AND CLOSER COMES THE HORRIBLE HULK OF HUMANITY- UNTIL FINALLY- HIS RED EYES SEE BILL HOPKINS!!



A BONEY HAND FLICKS OUT AND DESCENDS UPON THE HOPKINS' HOME IN A CLUTCH OF DOOM-



RUN TO THE BASEMENT- QUICK! JEAN- I'VE AN IDEA!

QUICKLY BILL RUSHES TO THE SUPPLY ROOM AND RETURNS WITH A CAN OF KEROSENE -

HOPE THIS WORKS!



COURAGEOUSLY HE FLINGS ITS CONTENTS OVER THE MENACING HEAD OF THE CLAW -

HERE GOES!



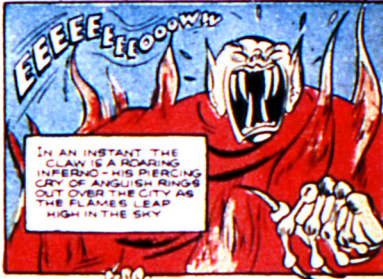
YEEOW





BEFORE THE CLAW CAN RECOVER -  
BILL STRIKES A MATCH - AND -

HOPE  
THIS DOES  
THE TRICK!



DASHING INSANELY THROUGH  
THE STREETS - HE HEADS  
FOR THE WATERFRONT



QUENCHING THE FLAMES IN  
THE RIVER - THE CLAW ENJOYS  
ONLY MOMENTARY RELEASE -  
FOR AT THIS OPPORTUNITY -  
ARMY BOMBERS RENEW  
THEIR ATTACK -

BLAST  
THEM!

DOWN INTO THE DEPTHS OF  
THE HUDON RIVER DIVES THE  
CLAW - TO VANISH FROM THE  
FACE OF CIVILIZATION - BUT -  
FOR HOW LONG?

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN -  
A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT -  
THE TERRIBLE REIGN OF  
TERROR CREATED BY THE  
CLAW - IS GONE - POLICE  
ARE STILL SEARCHING FOR  
THE ORIENTALS WHO DROPPED  
MYSTERIOUS PILLS INTO HIS  
MOUTH - MAKING HIS  
ESCAPE POSSIBLE!

BUT WE KNOW BETTER  
THAN TO THINK THIS TO  
BE THE END OF THE CLAW  
- WHAT REVENGE DOES  
HE PLAN FOR BILL HOP-  
KINS? DON'T MISS NEXT  
MONTH'S ISSUE!

AMERICA'S JOAN OF ARC!



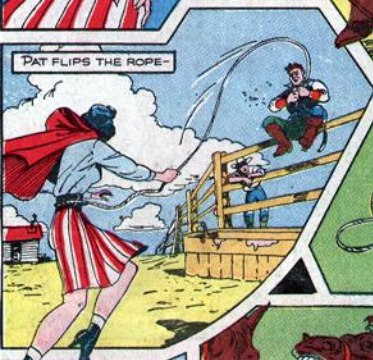
ARRIVING AT GLORY CANYON STATION

YIPPIE!  
MY OLD FRIEND  
CHESTER  
WOOD -  
HAS INVITED ME  
TO HIS RANCH -  
OUT NEAR GLORY  
CANYON, WHERE  
HE IS IN CHARGE  
OF BUILDING  
THE  
GLORY DAM!  
HERE'S WHERE  
PAT PATRIOT  
GOES WEST!

YAHOO!  
HEY --  
BUTTERNOSE,  
LOOKIT THE  
PRETTY FILLY  
GET'N OFF  
THE TRAIN -  
WHAT A  
BEAUT!







WAIT'LL SHE SITS  
ON THOSE BURRS  
I PUT UNDER HER  
SADDLE!

PAT  
MOUNTS-

WHOA!  
BOY!

EASY BOY!

CLANG!

BANG!

OH  
BOY!

LOOKIT  
THAT GAL  
RIDE!  
STICK  
TO 'IM  
PAT!

THE BURRS FINALLY ARE  
DISLODGED - PAT BRINGS THE  
HORSE TO A HALT!

THAT'S  
THE  
BOY!

AT THE RANCH

THIS VACATION OF MINE  
CERTAINLY HAS A NICE  
START!

GEE -  
PAT I'M  
SORRY -  
BUT I  
REALLY  
ASKED  
YOU UP  
HERE  
TO HELP  
ME OUT -  
YOU SEE -

THERE'S TROUBLE AT  
THE DAM - ATTEMPTS  
HAVE BEEN MADE  
TO DESTROY IT  
BECAUSE THE DAM  
SUPPLIES  
ELECTRICAL  
POWER TO  
VITAL DEFENSE  
INDUSTRIES!





THE THUNDERING HERD RARS DOWN THE CANYON!



WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE  
ALL RIGHT -  
SAY!  
WHAT ARE THOSE  
MEN DOING UP  
BY THE DAM?



HURRY UP  
WITH THAT  
DYNAMITE  
BEFORE  
SOMEONE  
SPOTS  
US!

C'MON CHESTER!  
WE'VE GOT TO  
STOP THOSE  
BIRDS -  
THEY'RE  
GOING TO  
BLOW UP  
THE DAM!

BUT -  
WE  
HAVEN'T  
GOT  
A  
GUN -  
HOW -



IT'S  
SIMPLE -  
JUST  
WATCH!



OKAY - BOYS!  
PUT UP  
YOUR HANDS  
OR I'LL  
BLOW YOU  
ALL TO  
KINGDOM  
COME!



**YOW!**  
IT'S PAT  
PATRIOT!

ALL RIGHT  
BOYS -  
I'LL  
TAKE  
THE GUNS  
NOW!



NOW MARCH -  
AND NO  
FUNNY STUFF!  
I MEAN  
BUSINESS!



AS  
THEY  
REACH  
THE TOP  
OF THE  
CANYON  
CLIFFS

HEY!

POW!  
POW!



BUTTERNOSE  
AGAIN!





CHESTER SWINGS  
INTO ACTION



WATCH FOR NEW  
ADVENTURES OF  
PAT PATRIOT!!

# NIGHTRO

A KEEN ORIENTAL MIND PLOTS, PLANS AND LABORS UNDER ILLUSIONS OF SUPREMACY- FOR ENTRUSTED TO ITS JUDGEMENT IS CONTROL OF THE MOST GIGANTIC PLOT EVER TO STRIKE A NATION- THEN FROM THE DEPTHS OF DARKNESS STEPS NIGHTRO WITH SEEING EYE DOG, BLACKIE, AND SOON BEGINS A TITANTIC BATTLE AS THE NIGHTLY NEMESIS OF EVIL DESPERATELY ATTEMPTS TO DEFEAT THE CLEVER AND RUTHLESS, SCHEME

of FU TONG 2000



THE STAR BLAZES A NOW FAMILIAR, HEADLINE...



IN A SMALL SECLUDED APARTMENT A BESPECTACLED FIGURE READS THE PUZZLING NEWS--NIGHTRO?



by "Anthony" ROUSSOS











WE HAVE  
ANOTHER, MASTER-  
AN IMPORTANT  
ONE - **NIGHTTRO!**

**NIGHTTRO!**  
YOU HAVE DONE  
WELL, LEE TANG-  
BRING HIM TO  
THE HOLD!

DEEP WITHIN THE HOLD, OF THE  
ORIENTAL SCHOONER, THE MOST GIGANTIC  
SABOTAGE PLOT OF ALL TIME IS REVEALED TO **NIGHTTRO**

SO THE CURIOUS **NIGHTTRO**  
FELL INTO MY TRAP --  
PERHAPS YOU WONDER  
ABOUT THE DISAPPEARANCE  
OF THE NAVY PILOTS?  
YES, YOU ARE AMAZED  
LIKE ALL THE REST!



BUT WHEN AMERICA IS  
BEING ATTACKED BY THEIR  
VERY PLANES AND PILOTS  
THEN THEY WILL REALLY  
BE AMAZED! I HAVE  
SEVENTEEN ON MY ISLAND  
BASE NOW--JUST WAITING  
TO ATTACK--BUT YOU? YOU  
WOULD NEVER SUBMIT TO MY  
WILL--NO, YOU MUST DIE  
**NIGHTTRO!**



JUST  
THEN A DARK  
CREATURE SWIMS  
THROUGH THE  
WATER IN QUEST OF  
ITS MASTER--**BLACKIE!**



BUT AT THIS  
MOMENT A  
SHIMMERING  
BLACK FORM  
LAUNCHES ITSELF  
THROUGH THE  
AIR--

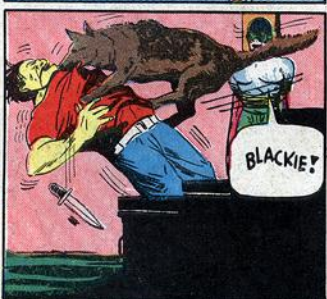


AND MOUNTS  
THE SHIP'S  
LADDER--



NOW, **NIGHTTRO**,  
ONE PROP  
OF THIS  
DAGGER  
AND MY  
LAST OBSTACLE  
IS ERASED!

YOU FOOL,  
FONG! OUR  
NAVY PILOTS  
WILL NEVER  
FLY UNDER  
THE INFLUENCE  
OF YOUR  
DOPE!



**BLACKIE!**

BLACKIE MAKES SHORT  
WORK OF FONG--



GOOD WORK,  
BLACKIE!

---AND QUICKLY  
RELEASES NIGHTRO--



HURRY BLACKIE!  
HURRY! HERE  
COMES THE  
GANG!

AT THIS MOMENT FROM  
THE OPEN DOOR WAY---



THAT  
DOES IT!



LET'S GO,  
YOU TRICKY  
TURKS!



---HAIL HAIL  
THE GANG'S  
ALL HERE!



LAST ONE UP  
WINS--BUT YOU  
DON'T!



ALRIGHT FONG!  
YOU TRICKED THE  
NAVY PILOTS INTO  
LANDING BESIDE  
YOUR DECOY PLANE--  
THEN CAPTURED  
THEM--WHERE  
ARE THEY?

T-THEY'RE  
ALL SAFE--  
LOCKED  
IN THE  
HOLD!

AFTER SEVERELY CROSS-  
EXAMINING FONG AND TYING  
UP HIS HENCH-MEN, NIGHTRO  
RUSHES TO THE SHIP'S WIRELESS  
SET, AND CALLS THE NAVY BASE--

AND THEN ALL YOUR MEN  
AND PLANES WERE  
STORED IN THE SHIP  
"QUEENIE"--LATITUDE 680°  
LONGITUDE 140° --PILOTS  
WERE TO BE DRUGGED  
AND SENT WITH OWN AIR  
CRAFT TO BOMB COASTAL  
CITIES--THAT CLEARS UP  
THE CASE--GLAD TO  
HAVE HELPED THE  
U.S. ONCE AGAIN--



Quincy  
ROSS-SOS



*The* **BRONZE TERROR**

# REAL AMERICAN NUMBER ONE

Dick  
Briefer

WILE THE DEMOCRACIES BATTLE FOR  
THEIR SURVIVAL AGAINST THE EVIL  
FORCES OF THE DICTATORSHIPS, FEARLESS  
JEFF DIXON, PROMINENT LAWYER AND  
FULL-BLOODED INDIAN, DOES HIS PART IN  
PRESERVING THE RIGHTS OF THE DEMOCRACIES  
PEOPLE IN THE GREATEST OF AMERICA!  
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!  
JEFF'S INDIAN FAMILY AND FRIENDS  
ARE BEING OPPRESSED BY A GANG OF  
BRUTAL GANGSTERS AND CORRUPT POLI-  
TICIANS, AND TO BANG THEM TO JUSTICE,  
HE ASSUMES THE CHARACTER OF THE  
**BRONZE TERROR**, CHAMPION OF  
LIBERTY AND JUSTICE!

IN A LARGE  
WESTERN CITY  
THE BRONZE TERROR  
BROKE INTO A SERIES  
OF ROBBERIES--AND  
AT THE BANK DOOR

HOP INTO THE  
CAR, BUTCH--AND  
HOLD THAT DOUGH  
TIGHT!

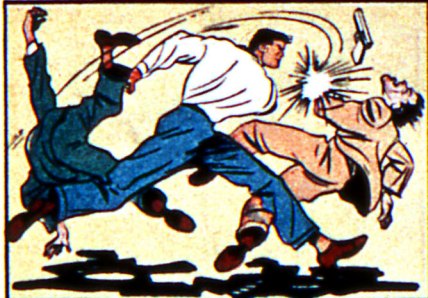
Behind the Mask--

Introducing  
Jeff Dixon  
The Real American No. 1.

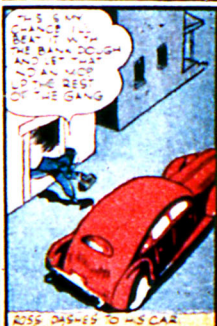












THE BRONZE TERROR DASHES OVER ROCKS AND CEASES IN A SHORT CUT TO ROSS!



AS ROSS' CAR SLINGS ON, THE BRONZE TERROR LEAPS ON!



NEXT MONTH, AND THE NEXT MONTH, YES, FOR A LONG TIME, THE BRONZE TERROR WILL RETURN TO THRILL YOU WITH HAR-RA-GING TALES OF MYSTERY AND ACTION IN DAREDEVIL COMICS.



# DASH DILLON

AT  
HALE

DILLON -  
IF YOU DON'T  
PASS THE  
GERMAN EXAM  
ON FRIDAY -  
YOU WILL BE  
INELIGIBLE  
TO PLAY  
FOOTBALL  
THIS FALL

YES SIR -  
DEAN ROBERTS  
I'LL STUDY HARD  
THE REST OF  
THE WEEK -  
GEE! LISTEN  
TO THAT?

FLASH-TRANS-PRESS-  
BULLETIN - WASHINGTON -  
IT HAS JUST BEEN ANN-  
OUNCED THAT AN UNI-  
DENTIFIED SUBMARINE  
HAS TORPEDOED THE  
FREIGHTER "CITY OF  
NORWALK". THE NAVY  
AND COAST-GUARD HAVE  
BEEN ORDERED TO SEARCH  
FOR IT. ANYONE SEEING  
A SUBMARINE REPORT  
IT AT ONCE TO YOUR  
NEAREST - - -

GUESS I'LL GO  
DOWN TO THE  
BEACH AND  
STUDY THERE

COMPO BEACH  
SAUGATUCK  
BRIDGEPORT  
FAIRFIELD

OH NUTS! SOON  
AS I GET ALONE  
WITH YOU HERE  
COMES THAT  
DILLON GUY

HELLO  
DASH

HI, CARRIE - PHOOEY -  
SHE WOULD BE WITH  
THAT DOPE, SOCKO -  
GEE - I'M GONNA HAVE  
A TUGH TIME TRYIN'  
TO STUDY HERE!

HI, DASH -  
I GOTTA GET RID  
OF THIS GUY  
SOMEHOW

?? - - - HOW'M I  
GONNA BE ALONE  
WITH CARRIE,  
NOW?

SAY - ARE EITHER  
OF YOU BOYS  
GOING TO  
THE DANCE  
T-O-N-I-G-H-T?



GEE!  
HOW ABOUT GOIN'  
WITH ME,  
CARRIE?



YOUR TIMING ON THAT WAS  
PERFECT - AS YOU BOTH  
SAID IT EXACTLY TOGETHER -  
I DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE  
TO GO WITH!



I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, DASH -  
SEE THAT STAKE OUT THERE?  
WE'LL SWIM OUT THERE, AND  
THE FIRST ONE BACK  
DATES CARRIE  
T-O-N-I-G-H-T!  
O-K-A-Y?

SURE!



WAIT'LL I GO  
GET MY SUIT -  
I'LL BE  
RIGHT  
BACK



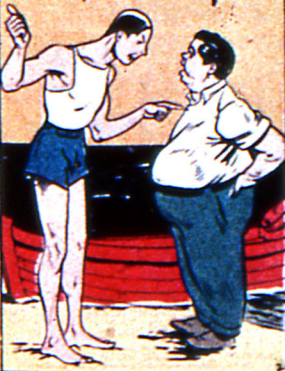
WOTTA DOPE / WOTTA  
DOPE / I SAID "SWIM  
OUT" BUT I DIDN'T SAY  
SWIM BACK / WAIT'LL  
HE SEES ME COMIN' IN  
IN RAY'S CHUG-CHUG!

SOCKO!  
THAT'S  
MEAN!



- SO YOU WAIT  
OUT THERE WITH  
YOUR BOAT -  
AND THEN  
BRING  
ME IN -  
HALF  
A BUCK

O-K-A-Y -  
BUT YOU  
GOTTA GIVE  
ME A DANCE  
WITH CARRIE  
- I REALLY  
QUIVER  
FOR HER!



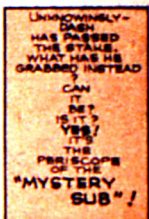
- GET SET - GO !!!  
THAT'S A DIRTY TRICK  
TO PLAY ON DASH -



WELL - I'M WAY  
AHEAD OF  
SOCKO  
AND ABOUT  
HALF WAY TO  
THE STAKE!







GOSH, I WONDER  
IF I KNOW HOW TO  
SAY THIS IN  
GERMAN?  
YOU BE  
QUIET,  
CHUM!



HOPE  
THIS GERMAN  
IS RIGHT -  
"EVERYONE  
STAY BELOW-  
FULL SPEED  
ASTERN-QUICK"



WHEE! THEY  
UNDERSTOOD  
MY GERMAN!  
BOY-ARE WE  
GOING TO RUN  
AGROUND-  
BUT HARD!



HI!  
BOYS-  
BE  
SEEN!  
YOU!

HEY! WHAT'S  
THIS? THERE  
GOES  
DASH!

YEAH-  
YOU'RE  
SO  
SMART!  
YOU GET  
A  
PUTT-PUTT-  
-WE GET A  
NAVY!



OOF!  
BOY-  
DID WE GO  
AGROUND!

ACH!  
VOT  
ISS!

HIMMEL!  
MY  
SHIP IS  
BE-LOST!



DASH!  
YOU  
CERTAINLY  
BEAT  
SOCKO  
-  
HERO!



CONGRATULATIONS,  
MR. DILLON -  
THE  
WHOLE COUNTRY  
IS INDEBTED  
TO YOU!



-AND AS GOVERNOR - I  
TAKE PRIDE IN MAKING  
YOU HONORARY ADMIRAL  
ON THE GOVERNOR'S  
STAFF OF THE STATE  
OF UTAH -



THE STAFF OF THE  
GOVERNOR OF THE  
STATE OF RHODE  
ISLAND - -



- DILLON,  
RECIPIENT  
OF THE  
DISTINGUISHED  
SERVICE  
CROSS -



FRIDAY

I'M SORRY, DILLON, BUT YOU FAILED IN  
THE GERMAN EXAM. YOU SHOW NO  
KNOWLEDGE OF CONVERSATIONAL  
GERMAN. YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE  
A RE-EXAM BEFORE YOU'LL BE  
ELIGIBLE FOR FOOTBALL.





# THIRTEEN

FRIDAY



by *HANDSON KAYE*

WHEN A GRUESOME BUDDHA COMES TO AMERICA FROM THE DIM, SINISTER HEART OF EGYPT, THEN DOES 13, THE NEMESIS OF ALL TIME, SWEEP - LIKE A TORNADO - THROUGH THE VALLEY OF CRIME, DOWN INTO THE GALLERY OF ANCIENT EVIL TO MEET FACE TO FACE THE MOST AWE INSPIRING, BARELY BELIEVABLE MYSTERY THE MODERN WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN, IN THIS, THE STRANGE

TALE OF  
"THE  
GLASS  
GARGOYLE"









DRESSED IN HIS DISTINCTIVE ATTIRE-AS 13----- HAROLD HIGGINS DASHES OUT OF THE ART GALLERY IN PURSUIT-







SORRY I'VE GOT TO LEAVE-BOYS! I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!



THE SUPPLE FORM OF 13 RACES INTO THE NIGHT-EASILY ELUDING THE POLICE-



HOLY MACKERAL! THIS PAPER IS A PERSONAL LETTER TO COMPELLO-THE RACKETEER-AND FROM ARTHUR C. YATES -WHY HE'S THE BIG LECTURER-EVIDENTLY THEY HAVE SOMETHING IN COMMON-

A FEW MINUTES LATER-COMPELLO-THE SLICKEST RACKETEER IN THE CITY-RUSHES INTO THE STUDIO OF ARTHUR YATES-WORLD FAMED EXPLORER AND LECTURER-----



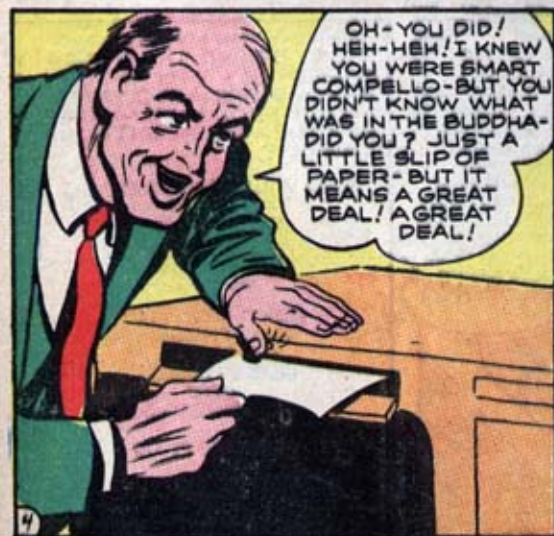
HERE I AM-YATES! -RIGHT ON THE SPOT- AND WITH THE GOODS!

GOOD WORK! GOOD WORK! COMPELLO!



AT LAST I HAVE IT! ALL MINE! THE MISSING BUDDHA OF PRINCE ANTARK-YOU HAVE DONE WELL-COMPELLO -VERY WELL!

YEH/AND IT WASN'T EASY! I HAD TO LICK 13 AND HALF OF THE NEW YORK POLICE FORCE-TO GET IT-COMPELLO NEVER MISSES-



OH-YOU DID! HEH-HEH/I KNEW YOU WERE SMART COMPELLO-BUT YOU DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS IN THE BUDDHA-DID YOU? JUST A LITTLE SLIP OF PAPER-BUT IT MEANS A GREAT DEAL! A GREAT DEAL!



AS THIS STRANGE STORY UNFOLDS-A TALL FIGURE OF ILL OMEN HOVERS OUTSIDE ON THE PORCH---





--AN INSTANT LATER--  
THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN  
AND TWO BURLY FIGURES  
RUSH THROUGH



THEY SLAM ACROSS  
THE ROOM AND LEAP AT  
THE AGILE FIGURE OF 13-



WHAT IS THE MYSTERIOUS  
STORY BEHIND THE GLASS  
GARGOYLE? WHY IS THE  
FAMOUS ARTHUR C. YATES  
INTENT ENOUGH TO MURDER  
FOR THE MESSAGE IT CON-  
TAINED?

AND WILL THIRTEEN BE  
ABLE TO  
DECIPHER  
THE  
EGYPTIAN  
CODE?

NEXT MONTH  
ALL THESE  
AMAZING  
QUESTIONS  
ARE  
ANSWERED!

DON'T MISS IT IN  
DAREDEVIL  
COMICS



has got me half crazy. First it's at San Quentin — they blow a hole in the wall and right away our prize prisoner, Sapone, slips through the wall and out to sea. Then in Georgia, New York, and Cleveland the same thing happens — Now Shultz is loose. This is being engineered by a very clever gang and SOMETHING's got to be done!

Daredevil smiled slightly at the Captain's fervour, "That's exactly why I've come Captain, I have an idea."

All through the night the two best crime fighting heads of the country talked and laid plans. In the morning Daredevil's plan was put into action. Disguised as a recent jewel thief he was sent up to Sing Sing in handcuffs. And at the same time the papers came out with the announcement that the thief he was impersonating had just inherited several hundred thousand dollars. It was a fine looking bait to throw before the greedy eyes of the racket kings. If there was anything to Daredevil's theory that a racket boss was engineering these escapes for big dough he would soon know.

For a week Daredevil stayed at Sing Sing without anything uncommon happening. He was treated like any other prisoner. Served the same food, treated as nicely or as meanly as any criminal for even the guards didn't know his true identity. Then one day, Mr. Daglow, a small pock marked man came to see him. The proposition was to the point and simple. For a guarantee of fifty thousand dollars they,

the leaders of the gang would make possible his escape from the jail. Nothing for him to do, just wait for a message telling him his part. Playing his cards carefully Daredevil hesitated at first and then finally accepted. Fifty thousand dollars was a lot of money — but he would pay. A week later Daglow returned and for twenty minutes whispered directions over and over again to him. Within a week the machinery of the vast criminal ring went into action. Following his orders to the letter he gained permission to work in the laundry under false pretenses. When the

supply "truck" arrived with the week's laundry material he was quickly hustled inside and minutes later was speeding outside the prison. Hours afterward he stood before Hans Mohair, the biggest racket man in the country. In a flash, Daredevil snapped into action. The crooks didn't get the fifty thousand dollars they were after — but they did get a good supply of fists. He sailed into them like a holocaust and before he was through — belted into submission twelve members of the cleverest gang combine the country has ever known. Even the escaped Shultz was picked up by the crusading Daredevil. Following a tip by a squealing member of the gang he cornered the gangleader in a lavishly furnished apartment on Park Ave. But Shultz had seen too much of prison life to be taken alive. When he realized escape was impossible he pitched himself from a twentieth story window to his death on the street below. A suitably ugly end for an ugly character.

The only regret Daredevil was heard to mention was that such clever craftsmanship and superb business management should be wasted with something on the wrong side of the law. These same men if they had directed their efforts into a legalized branch of society might well have become prominent figures in the industrial, economic and technical makeup of the country. Which just goes to prove an old but often ignored adage . . . Crime will never pay.

THE END

## DAREDEVIL'S PUNCH-OF-THE-MONTH

### The SOLAR-PLEXUS Punch JUST BELOW THE MID-BELT

Always remember, fellows, several strong right hand blows to the stomach can do more damage than a wild haymaker to the jaw. When swinging this right hand body blow get all the weight of the shoulder behind it; swing your frame with it and snap the punch as much as possible. It is this snap that jolts your opponent and leaves him gasping for air. Next month we'll try a few pointers on defense . . . until then . . .



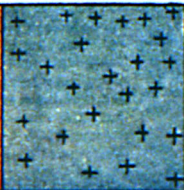
So long

*Daredevil*



# PUZZLE FUN

BY A.W. NUGENT



**JACK BUNNY** IS FACED WITH A RATHER TRICKY LITTLE PROBLEM HERE. HE IS SUPPOSED TO DRAW JUST TWO STRAIGHT LINES ON THE SQUARE SO THAT IT WILL BE DIVIDED INTO FOUR PARTS WITH AN EQUAL NUMBER OF CROSSES IN EACH PART. CAN YOU DO IT?



TRY TO DIVIDE THE ABOVE GROUPS IN SEVEN PARTS BY DRAWING THREE STRAIGHT LINES SO THERE WILL BE ONE ROOSTER IN EACH DIVISION. FOR EXAMPLE:





# L

# ONDON

by JERRY  
BRON

# U52

FROM THE TOTTERING SPRES AND WRECKED WALLS OF THE CITY WHICH IS BRITAIN'S CITADEL—FROM THE FLAMING CHAOS WHICH IS LONDON NOW—PHENIX-LIKE FROM THE FIRES HEART HAS RISEN UP A FIGURE—SPLENDID COURAGEOUS, DEBONAIRE/ AND TO ENGLAND'S GALLANT/ BATTERED PEOPLE HE HAS BROUGHT NEW COURAGE, NEW HOPE FOR THE FUTURE — A FRESHENING OF THAT ANCIENT NEVER-SABD SPIRIT WHICH HAS FOR NEARLY A THOUSAND YEARS MADE OF THEIR LAND AN IMPREGNABLE FORTRESS/ FROM MELBOURNE TO MANCHESTER FROM PICCADILLY CIRCUS TO THE RLEZ SNAIL KING FANTASTIC TALES OF THIS MAN WHO MATCHES WITS—AND WINS—WITH THE MOST CUNNING, THE MOST UNSCRUPULOUS MASTER AGENTS OF NAZI ESPIONAGE—WHO IS THIS MAN—HOW SHALL WE CALL HIM? WE WILL CALL HIM SIMPLY—

**LONDON!**

FOR IN VERY TRUTH, HE IS LONDON, A LIVING, FLESH AND BLOOD REALITY TO PROVE LONDON CAN TAKE IT/



IT IS MIGHTY WAR THAT  
BRITAIN FACES  
IN HER TITANIC  
STRUGGLE FOR  
EXISTENCE! WAR!  
ON LAND--AND ON  
THE SEA! BUT  
THE DOUBTS  
POINTING AT  
ENGLAND'S HEART  
ARE THE  
VICIOUS LOOTERS  
OF THE ATLANTIC  
SEA LANES--  
SUBMARINES!  
DEADLY NAZI  
SUBMARINES WHICH  
ARE STRIKING  
WITH EVER-  
INCREASING  
RAPIDITY AND  
UNCANNY RESULTS!



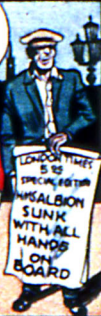
THE ADMIRALTY REFUSES TO ANNOUNCE THAT AT 11.15 THIS MORNING THE H.M.S. ALBION  
WENT FOR HER SINKING WITH A CARGO OF PRISONERS WAS SIGHTED AT AN EYE!  
SUBMARINE IN ATLANTIC AND MAY PURSUE WITHOUT HARBORING HERE SINK WITH  
ALL PRISONERS OF WAR IN AN ATTEMPT TO DESTROY THE LIVES OF LONDON REPORTS THAT THE



LYONS  
SINKING--  
SHIP--  
--H.M.S. ALBION  
H.M.S. LYNMINGTON  
H.M.S. ALBION

GENTLEMEN, THE VICIOUS  
SUBMARINE PEACE IS HACKING  
AT THE VERY LIFE-LINE OF  
THE EMPIRE! VIOLENT  
ACTION IS NEEDED--SOME-  
THINGS MUST BE DONE--  
AND DONE SOON!

ALL ENGLAND SENDS  
ADVICE AT THE  
STATIONING SUBMARINE  
HARBORING THAT THERE  
IS TO BLAST HER  
EIGHTY MERCHANT  
NAVES FROM THE WATER  
AND CLAMP DOWN A  
STERNING BLOCKADE  
UPON THE BLIND EMPIRE!



IN A PRIVATE STUDIO OF THE BRITISH RECORD  
CASTING CO. THE BRILLIANT NEWCASTER  
HARRY HOLMES MAKES HIS NIGHTLY REPORT.

FROM THE HEART OF LONDON THIS IS HARRY  
HOLMES SPEAKING--NOT LONG AGO I FLEW ABOVE  
HARRISON LONDON TO BEING TO YOU THE GALLANT  
FIGHT WHICH EVERY ONE EVERY HOUR IS BEING  
MADE BY OUR ROYAL AIRFORCE SOON I WILL  
BEING BACK TO YOU THE FIRST EYE WITNESS  
REPORT OF THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC!



NEXT NIGHT--SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND, A SHIP DUE TO SAIL AT MIDNIGHT; A DENSE THROUD AWAITS THE SHIP'S  
SAILING HERE THEY ARE--A TYPICAL CROSS SECTION OF THOSE WHOSE BUSINESS TAKES THEM FROM ENGLAND'S  
UNBETTERED SHORES FOR THE WARREN OF THE UNITED STATES!-----FOUR AMONG THEM STAND OUT-----  
A DIPLOMAT-----A CONDEMNED GENERAL-----AN ASPIRING PLAYWRIGHT-----A FADING MOVIE-ACTRESS!



I HOPE WE GET  
THROUGH--I WISH  
I HAD TAKEN 22  
CLIPPER!

DON'T WORRY, BOB  
IS YOUR NUMBER UP  
IT'S UP! ME--I DON'T CARE  
THERE'S A HURDER RAP  
WAITING FOR ME!

SOMEHOW I'LL WRITE  
THE GREATEST THROUD  
OF ALL TIME ON  
AN TYPEWRITER!

FOR ME! THE GREATEST  
DRAMATIC ACTRESS  
OF ALL TIME!

A SILENT  
NINTH MAKES  
UP THE  
PARTY---  
MARC HOLMES!

ALL PASSENGERS  
WILL GO BELOW--  
BRING YOUR PASS-  
PORTS, PLEASE. SHIP  
LEAVES IN FIVE MINUTES.  
NO ONE WILL BE  
ALLOWED ON DECK  
UNTIL THE SHIP HAS  
SAILED!

PREPONTERRON!  
ALL THIS CHILDISH  
PRECAUTION!

SAH! SHEER  
MELOCOREAMA.  
ANYONE WOULD  
THINK THERE  
WAS---COLD  
ABOARD!

CONSIDER THE TERRIBLE  
CONSEQUENCES OF A  
LITTLE CARELESSNESS! A  
POUNCE SLIDES TO A WALL, BRING-  
ING DOWN THE SHIP'S  
MAIN HOIST--AND SECRETLY  
SLIPPING AWAY THE MILLION  
DOLLAR CARGO ABOARD?



A SUBMARINE  
SIGHTED!! OUR  
COURSE WAS  
SECRET--NOW  
COULD IT  
ENEMY DISCOVER  
IT---  
WHAT--I'LL ORDER  
ALL PASSENGERS  
TO THE LOUNGE

THIS IS TIME  
TO GET THE  
PASSENGERS'  
REACTIONS TO  
THIS NEWS



UNOFFICIALLY BARON  
BARON. HOW MUCH  
IMPORTANCE DO  
YOU ATTACH TO THE  
SUBMARINE IN THE  
PRESENT WAR?

I THINK THE  
SUBMARINE WILL  
PROVE TO BE  
ONE OF THE  
DECISIVE FACTORS  
OF WAR!



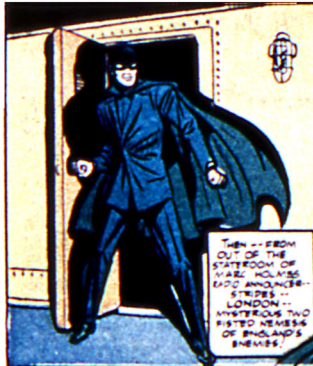
OF COURSE WE  
ARTISTS ARE  
ABOVE THE  
VULGARITY OF WAR!

MR. HOLMES,  
I'M AFRAID  
THAT MY  
TYPMISTESS  
TALKS  
BETTER  
THAN MY  
TONGUE



PASSENGERS! A POULS EMERGENCY HAS  
ARISEN! A GERMAN SUBMARINE REPORTED  
IN OUR VICINITY AND A CONTINUOUS WARNING  
UNDER ESCORT TO IMPROVE ESCORTS!  
SEPARATE AS HE IS, HE MAY EVEN NOW BE  
ATTEMPTING TO BREACH OUR  
PORTION TO THE ENEMY.  
HE IS DANGEROUS AND SO I  
REQUEST YOU ADD TO YOUR  
CAUTION IMMEDIATELY!





THEN -- FROM OUT OF THE STATEROOM OF VASEL HOLMES ESCAPED ANNOYANCE-- STRIPES-- LONDON-- MYSTERIOUS TWO RISTED NEMESIS OF ENGLAND'S ENEMIES.





OH, HELP, HELP ME SOMEONE--/ A MASCOT MAN! THIS HORRIBLE SHIP IS HAUNTED! IT'S ALL TOO MUCH--/ MY NIEVE'S ARE SHOT! I CAN'T STAND IT!!



THE NEXT CALL--THE DIPLOMAT!

HEM-HEM-- A SHIP'S NOT SAFE / SUBMARINES - MURDERERS PLANNING AROUND LOOSE! I'M NOT SAFE / EVEN MY PAPERS AREN'T SAFE!



HA! THE PLAYWRIGHT IS TYPING - STRIKES ME AS BEING RATHER ODD THAT THIS CHAP SHOULD BE ONLY PECKING OUT FICTION ON HIS TYPEWRITER - WHEN ALL AROUND HIM IS BEING ACTED OUT A REAL LIFE DREAM OF TENSION AND STRAIN-LIFE AND DEATH!



WHY - A PLAY ABOUT THE WARE-SPIES - INTRIGUE - WELL, BUT PLenty OF INSPIRATION FROM THE VOYAGE - WHAM - A GERMAN SUBMARINE - AN ENGLISH SHIP LOADED WITH GOLD - POSITION-UNDETERMINED IN DEGREES N-LATITUDE-NE DEGREES W-PRICES-SEW-BAFF - THIS IS A BIT TOO AUTHENTIC!



YOU'VE GOT YOUR FACTS MIXED UP, OLD CHAP--BUT I'LL STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT FOR YOU!



SO SORRY--BUT I SIMPLY INSIST ON REVISING IT MYSELF! VERY CLEVER, BLAND--YOUR TYPEWRITER--AND INSIGNIFICANT TYPE-SENSE--YOUR PLAYWRIGHTS MORE THAN A GUNNING GODS REPEATING THE SHIP'S POSITION TO THE NAZI SUBMARINE!





LONDON FINALLY COMPLETES THE UNFINISHED PLAY- AND WRITES A NEW MACABRE SCENE THAT IS REALLY TO BE ENACTED- AND DESIGNED TO BE RECORDED IN THE HANGING NAVAL HISTORY!

THE GREATST THREAT OF ALL TIME  
ACT III  
SCENE 1

In a dark submarine, the commander and the first mate in the control room.

CHEATERS! WHAT IS OUR POSITION?  
WIND-MADE! INSUFFICIENT DEGREE OF LATITUDE-  
& DISASTROUS POSITION-DEEP, DEEP!

SCENE 11  
COMMANDER: STOP! THE  
BOARDING PARTY MUST  
JUMP! LEAVE THE SHIP  
AND THE SIGNAL TOWER!  
SHIP MUST BE CONTROLLED!

OVER THE TELETYPE-TELETYPE FLAMES  
THE CODED-PLAY TO THE NAZI SUBMARINE.

ACH!  
BOOOO!



PREPARING TO SEIZE THE  
SHIP IN ACCORD WITH THE  
TELETYPE INSTRUCTIONS, THE  
UNDERSEA PEONER SUPPLY  
HANGS UP INTO VIEW WHERE  
LONDON'S FLAMING SIGNALS  
THE ENEMY!



LIEUTENANT!  
OF COURSE TO DER  
BOARDING PARTY!

THE NAZI SUBMARINE SLOWS  
EAGERLY ALONG THE SIDE, AS  
HER COMMANDER, BARKS A  
SHARP COMMAND!



SUDDENLY,  
GRABBING  
A DANGEROUS  
HANGING  
ROPE--

LEAPING TO THE SUBMARINE DECK,  
LONDON WHIPS A MUSCULAR ARM  
ABOUT THE COMMANDER'S NECK--  
WHILE THE COMMANDER'S DEATH  
IS FORCED INTO STRIKE!

WHILE FROM THE SHADDOY DECK  
OF THE MODERNO QUEEN, TWO  
STEELY EYES WITNESS THE HEROIC  
DRAMA ENACTED BELOW!

THAT GUY LONDON MUST BE NUTS!  
HE'LL BE MOVED DOWN! BUT  
WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE--  
I'LL GET THE CHAIR, ANYWAY WHEN  
WE DOCK! I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED WHAT  
I FELT LIKE TO BE A HERO INSTEAD OF  
A RAT!



WE HAP BEEN  
TRICKED!  
GUESS--  
SUSPENSE  
AT VOICE!

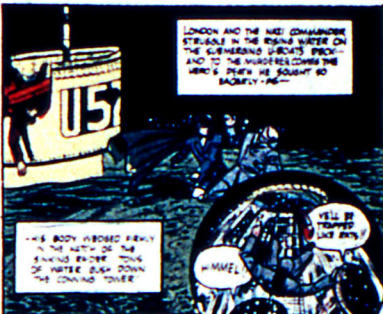


LONDON  
WITNESSES THE  
ATTACK  
--  
HANG  
BUTTERFLIES

A SUICIDAL  
LEAP--  
THE NAZI'S  
LUBBER  
BELCHES  
RED DEATH!



-WITH HOT LEAD BEARING THEM HIS STRIVE-  
THE CONDEMNED MAN LAYS WITH STUNNING  
FORCE-SENDING THE NAZI REELING DOWN  
THE WREN-/- BUT IN RESPONSE TO THE  
COMMANDER'S MARCH ORDER TO SUBSIST-  
THE CRUSHING MASS OF STEEL- THE WREN  
DOOR-/- SWINGS DOWN ON THE  
DIVING CRIMINAL!



-HIS BODY WROSE FREELY  
IN THE MOUTH OF THE  
SINKING KNIFE- THUS  
OF WATER DASH DOWN  
THE CONNING TOWER

LONDON AND THE NAZI COMMANDER  
STRAUGLE IN THE RISING WATER ON  
THE SINKING U-BOAT'S POOP-  
AND TO THE WUNDERER COMES THE  
HERO'S DEATH HE FOUGHT SO  
BACELY -/-

NEVER TO RISE AGAIN, THE U-BOAT  
SINKS INTO THE SEA, MONUMENTAL  
CLOUDS OF AIR-HITS ONLY ETERNITY-  
BUT THE VOLUNTARY TO THE SURFACE-  
AND MARK THE SPOT WHERE THE  
SUFFICIENT WREN MONSTER PRO-



SUDDENLY THE JANGLE  
OF THE SHIP'S BELLS-  
STRENGTH VOICES ON THE  
THROUGH THE NIGHT AS THE  
ENGLISH VESSEL, COMES TO  
LIFE! A SHARP OF LIGHT  
PICK-OUT THE SINKING FORM  
THE WRECK IN THE STRUGGLE  
ON DEATH'S WATERS-/-



THE GERMAN COMMANDER  
CAN IT BE- THAT LONDON-  
IS SILENCED FOREVER  
IN A WATERY GRAVE?

FOUR LATER- BEHOLD THE  
MORELAND QUEEN- THE CAPTAIN-CLIPPER-

-AND THE NOTE PLUNGED TO YOUR  
TELETYPE MACHINE, MR. BLAND, ENDS  
SIMPLY - TO ENGLAND, ANOTHER  
BETTER AGENT, WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF -  
LONDON- AND THEN HE SALLANTLY RISE  
HIS COUNTRY OF THE MENACE OF YOUR ENEMY,  
HIS COMMANDER - AND SO DEATH IS  
EVIDENTLY THE END OF YOUR GREAT TRAGEDY,  
BLAND - DEATH TO THE GREATEST  
CHAMPION OF  
VIRTY!

DOES HIS  
GOOOD?/  
LONDON'S DEATH  
IS WORTH A  
THOUSAND  
U-BOATS!



BUT SUDDENLY, MARC HOLMES, ENTERS-

AM, CAPTAIN, I HEARD  
WHAT OCCURRED- ALL IN  
ONE MASTER STROKE BY  
LONDON- BUT I DOUBT  
HE PERISHED- HE IS THE  
SPIRIT OF LONDON- AND  
THAT CAN'T BE DELETED!

WELL,  
I HOPE SO  
HOLMES-  
BUT YOU SAY  
YOU DON'T  
ACTUALLY SEE  
IT- YOU  
WISHED YOUR  
GREATEST  
SCOOP!



YES, LONDON! HE LIVES! HE LIVES  
TO AGAIN FIGHT FOR BRITAIN!

THE MORELAND QUEEN LOOKS IN  
HER MOUTH-SHE IS LATE!

IT'S ALL TOO EARLY  
QUARTLY THAT I  
SHOULD HAVE TO  
ENGAGE SUCH AN  
UNVENTUAL TERM  
NOT A SHARE OF  
PUBLICITY- AND  
SUCH INSULTING  
TREATMENT!

I AGREE WITH  
YOU, MR. CLIPPER-  
UNFORTUNATELY  
I AM NOT  
HAPPY  
I HAD TOLD  
IF CLIPPER!

QUITE A  
FRUITFUL TERM  
TO SAY- BUT  
I THINK  
I SHALL TAKE  
IF CLIPPER  
BACK!



MARC HOLMES CLIPPERS BACK TO  
ENGLAND AND AGAIN BROADCASTS-

-YES, THE WORLD'S A STRANGE PLACE  
WHERE A CONDEMNED FURTHER GIVES HIS  
LIFE THAT OTHERS MAY LIVE- THAT LONDON  
MAY LIVE TO AGAIN THWART THE NAZIS!  
-AND SO ENDS MY TALE OF WHAT I SAW OF  
COURAGE AND HIGH ADVENTURE IN THE BATTLE OF  
THE ATLANTIC. BUT EVERY DAY, EVERY HOUR ARE  
ACTED OUT A THOUSAND  
PERFORMS OF THE BRAVE  
MEN WHOSE PERILOUS  
COURAGE BRIGHT PATH  
BRINGS HOPE TO OUR  
SHORES -/- BRIDES ALL  
UNUSUAL!





# WHIRLWIND

## THE BLOND BOMBER !!



WHEN A HOLLYWOOD  
HEART-THROB BUYS  
A FIGHTER - SHE  
WANTS MORE THAN  
BOXING -  
SO WHEN JACKIE  
WING'S BOUGHT  
UP WHIRLWIND'S  
CONTRACT AND  
TRIED TO TRAIN  
HIM ON TEA DANCE  
SOCIALS - THE  
WORLD'S FOREMOST  
CONTENDER FOR  
THE CHAMPIONSHIP  
STOPPED THE  
AFFAIR WITH A  
RIGHT CROSS -  
WHICH BROUGHT  
THE WHOLE  
FIGHT GAME  
DOWN  
ON HIS  
NECK -

IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, TERRY IS CALLED  
TO THE BEDSIDE OF HIS SICK MANAGER -



TIM!  
WHAT'S  
HAPPENED?

HELLO, TERRY GLAD  
YOU COULD GET HERE -  
I-I HAVE SOME BAD  
NEWS FOR YOU!

THE DOC SAYS I  
WO'NT BE WELL  
FOR A LONG TIME -  
THERE'S NO SENSE  
IN MY TRYING TO  
MANAGE YOU ANY  
LONGER - I-I'VE  
PUT YOUR CONTRACT  
IN THE HANDS OF  
ATTORNEY ATWOOD  
- MY LAWYER -

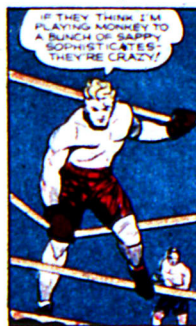


WELL, MR. TURNER, YOUR  
CONTRACT HAS BEEN BOUGHT  
UP BY A HOLLYWOOD STAR -  
WHO EXPECTS YOU OUT AT  
WESTCHESTER TOMORROW TO  
HELP WITH AN AID FOR BRITAIN  
BOXING EXHIBITION - HERE'S THE  
NAME AND ADDRESS

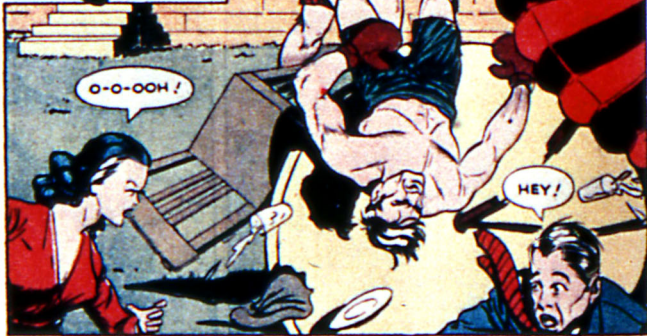


THE FOLLOWING DAY - IN THE  
LAWYER'S OFFICE

THE NEXT AFTERNOON TERRY ARRIVES IN WESTCHESTER -













AS THE CROWD ROARS-TERRY STEPS IN AND SPARS EASILY WITH MAULER MURPHY, A HAS-BEEN IN THE PUGILISTIC WORLD —

I'LL BE EASY WITH THIS FELLA-HIS DEFENSE ISN'T ANY TOO GOOD

AT THE BELL, FINISHING THE ROUND THE MAULER SWINGS A LATE PUNCH —

HOWZAT !!

IF I KNOCK THIS WHIRLWIND GUY OVER-I CAN GET BACK IN THE FIGHT RACKET-AND FOR GOOD DOUGH!

DASHING FROM HIS CORNER-THE MAULER BUTTS HIS HARD SKULL AGAINST TERRY'S CHIN —

SAY! THIS BOY IS REALLY SERIOUS ABOUT THINGS-I DON'T LIKE HIS STYLE!

—THEN RUSHES HIM TO THE ROPES WITH A WILD FLURRY OF FOUL BLOWS —



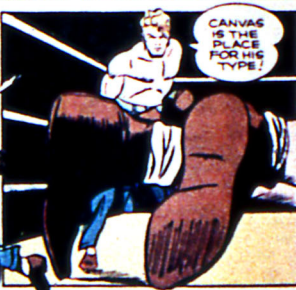
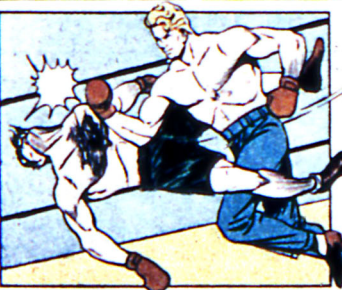
COME ON--  
TERRY!  
DON'T  
LET HIM  
GET AWAY  
WITH THAT  
KIND OF  
BUSINESS!



AND TERRY DOES IT -- A  
RAPID-LIKE RIGHT CROSS  
FINDS ITS MARK --



AS THE MAULER BOUNCES  
OFF THE ROPE -- TERRY --  
STRAIGHTENS HIM OUT WITH  
A LEFT JAB -- COCKS HIS  
RIGHT -- AND --



CANVAS  
IS THE  
PLACE  
FOR HIS  
TYPE!



MY SINCERE APOLOGIES  
TERRY--MISS WINGS  
HAS EXPLAINED  
THE WHOLE THING

THAT'S  
ALRIGHT!  
GUESS I  
LOST MY  
HEAD!



WELL--  
MISS WINGS, YOU  
SUCCEEDED IN  
GETTING ME IN  
AND OUT OF A  
MESS, VERY  
NEATLY

I KNOW  
I'VE BEEN  
TERRIBLE--  
TERRY-- BUT  
FROM NOW  
ON-- I  
PROMISE TO  
BUCKLE  
DOWN AND  
BE A GOOD  
MANAGER



WELL--FELLARS  
I'VE GOT A NEW  
MANAGER NOW--  
BUT MY FISTS  
ARE THE SAME--  
SO I'LL BE SEEING  
YOU WITH PLenty  
OF ACTION  
IN  
NEXT  
MONTH'S  
DAREDEVIL  
COMICS

**GET IT ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW**

**NOTHING  
LIKE IT  
EVER!**



**SWEEPING  
THE  
COUNTRY!**

**IT'S TERRIFIC!**



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